

The History of

A poore unminded Outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his liberty and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
 My father in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore his assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme,
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in *Boroughs, Cities, Villages,*
 Attend him on Bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
 He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenburgh,*
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
 Cries out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
 This seeming brow of Iustice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish warre.*
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this:
Hot. Then to the poynt.
 In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,
 Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed

Henry the Fourth.

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales,*
 There without ransome to lie forfeited,
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Counsell boord,
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion, drove us to seeke out
 This head of safety, and withall to pry
 Into his title, the which we finde
 Too indirec't for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter.* Wee'l withdraw a while:

Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
 Some surety for the safe returne againe,
 And in the morning carely shall my Uncle
 Bring him our purpose, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael* beare this sealed Briebe
 With winged haste to the Lord *Marshall,*
 This to my cosin *Scroope*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe;

To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury,*
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The King with mighty and quicke rayfed power,
 Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
 What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
 Whose power was in the first proportion;
 And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
 Who with them was rated firmly too.

I

And